Finally, he was reminded of David's poetry, "The heaven's declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

This too was Alexander Campbell. Sitting there on a steamer on Long Island Sound watching the monarch of the day at work, he was more a poet than theologian, more a man of deep sensitivities in tune with the wonders of Nature than merely a critic and reformer of the American that he knew.

Campbell talked more about the rising sun on Long Island Sound than he did his brief visits in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, which he had visited earlier. After an absence of 94 days, during which time he delivered 93 discourses, averaging one hour and twenty minutes each, and after travelling 2,000 miles by sea and land with considerable hardship, he arrived home on July 26, 1836, the same summer that Texas joined the union. Along the way he had immersed 70 persons and planted the cause of reform in many villages and cities. But as much as any reason, he traversed the land in order to disabuse the public mind of all those misrepresentations heaped upon the disciples by the enemies of reform. – *the Editor*

READERS' EXCHANGE

Your paper is stimulating and a light to many of our Fellowship of Christians-House Church. The majority is Church of Christ "drop-outs," which means that we were told by our congregations that they preferred not to worship with us. – *Carolyn Montgomery*

I am a graduate of one of our Schools of Preaching, and since that time I have studied myself out of "Church of Christism." I am now learning what it means to be a free man in Christ, making the only terms of fellowship what God has made a condition of salvation. – *Name withheld*

Thanks for the compliments relative to the article in the *Guardian.* Many traditional views need attention and in our studies here for the past several years we are endeavoring to get the chaff out of the wheat. Progress in understanding is being made. It is somewhat frightening how many respond to study with "Well, I wasn't taught that!" – *Arnold Hardin, Scyene Church of Christ, 2920 Prairie Creek Rd., Dallas 75227*

A Unity Forum will be conducted by Grassy Church of Christ, near Arab, Alabama, Friday night, Sept. 1, through Sunday afternoon, Sept. 3. Dallas Burdette, Norman Parks, John Acuff, Charles Holt, Dwain Evans, and Leroy Garrett are among the participants. Open forum and mutual sharing will be emphasized. Call A. B. Farris at 205-586-4463 for further information.

RESTORATION REVIEW

Seventh Annual Unity Forum . . .

HIGH ADVENTURE IN CALIFORNIA

The Seventh Annual Unity Forum was held July 5-8 at the Blaney Ave. Church of Christ in Cupertino, California, near San Jose. Sponsored by the Blaney congregation, the forum attracted large crowds and enthusiastic interest. Participants represented virtually every wing of discipledom, and even reached out to include a Franciscan priest who addressed the gathering on Unity and the Roman Catholic tradition. The building was overflowing the night the Pat Boone family appeared, with some 600 people joining Pat as he sang "We are One in the Spirit."

Charles Shelton of Houston, who was formerly minister to the nearby Campbell Church of Christ, delivered a moving address on the spiritual foundations of unity, in which he said we are made brothers by the Spirit and that it is our mutual relationship to Jesus that makes us one, not doctrinal unanimity. Warren Bell of San Jose Bible College (Independent Christian) spoke on legalism, defining it as an effort to gain justification through a code of deeds. J. Ervin Waters of Fresno, longtime debater for the non-class, one-cup persuasion, but in more recent years a gallant peacemaker, gave a beautiful testimony of what it means to be a free man in Christ. He called for "unity now" through an acceptance of each other on the basis of faith and obedience to Jesus rather than on party lines.

Everett Ferguson of Abilene Christian College presented three lessons on the theological foundations for unity, drawing upon the book of Ephesians in a most reasonable and responsible way. "The closer we are to Jesus the closer we are to one another." he said. He insisted that it is the mission of the minister to promote unity, but that in stressing unity he must not lose his concern for truth. He said that unity is God's purpose in giving Christ to the world, and he pointed to Eph. 1:9-10 as not only the theme of the book, but the essence of God's purpose in creation. Everett is as sensible and gracious as he is scholarly, and he makes a significant contribution to any gathering.

Jack Finegan was with us from the Disciples. He is a professor of Graduate Theological Union and pastor to

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the University Christian Church in Berkley. He proved to be more "conservative" than was supposed, and in dealing with Campbell's *Declaration and Address* revealed strong sympathy for the unity plea and the Restoration Movement. He came across to the audience as a man who loves God, respects the Bible, and honors the traditions that have made discipledom a significant force in our culture.

Lloyd Moyer and Charles Holt are both of the non-cooperative or "conservative" wing of the Church of Christ, though in recent years the latter has moved more toward a "Christian at large" posture. Lloyd adheres to a patternism that holds him close to the position he has always held, but he shows a love and a willingness to exchange ideas that is refreshing. It is to his credit that he was willing to appear on the program. Charles is an angry man, but he sweetens his wrath with a love and concern that is captivating, and as a consequence he has his audience on his side even when they barely agree with him. While he is given to overstatement, which may be important in the outcrys of a reformer, he is really, saying something important, which is that the church should be the flock of God rather than a corporate establishment that has the tail wagging the dog, and that elders should be the shepherds of the flock rather than corporate officials.

Professor Kenan Osborne probably had the most dynamic impact of anyone on the program, perhaps because he was the farthest from us on the theological spectrum, coming to us as a Franciscan priest and president of a Catholic seminary in Berkley. Many in the audience listened to a Roman priest for the first time in their lives, and if any were prejudiced they were surely disarmed by this mild-mannered gentleman that was obviously searching for truth as much, if not more, than any of us. And most were stunned by his descriptions of a changing Roman Catholic Church. Not only is the Roman church yielding its proud claim of being the only church, but even recognizing that other communion services are as valid as their own. Both bread and wine are now being served the communicants, lay folk are being given a greater role, the infallibility of the pope is being successfully challenged even by priests, and the church is meaningfully involved in ecumencial efforts with Protestants.

We were made more humble than proud when the priest found no pope in the New Testament and when he supposed that by 2001 A.D. there might well be no pope. By then, he said in answering a question from the floor, the only creed may be that Christ is Lord. To be sure, he said, the church of tomorrow will be unrecognizable as the church that now exists. The doctrine of the authority

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of the church is yielding to the authority of individual conscience in the light of the scriptures.

It seemed unreal to see a Roman priest receive a standing ovation in a Church of Christ, and the most moved of all was Jim Reynolds, minister at Blaney, who, along with Stan Harbour of San Angelo, Texas, coordinated the forum. The following Sunday morning Jim told the Blaney congregation that Professor Osborne, along with all the forum, had changed his whole perspective and consequently his life. He urged the congregation to awake and realize what is going on in our changing world, insisting that they disabuse themselves of the stereotypes they have of Roman Catholics and other religious neighbors and to realize that the Holy Spirit is at work making us all brothers. Jim wants our folk to be as honest as was Osborne, and to get with it by lending a helping hand in what is going on, which God is going to accomplish anyhow, with or without our help. "Big Jim," as he is affectionately called, even by Pat Boone, is a lovable guy who somehow seems better suited for quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams than as a gentleman of the cloth behind the sacred desk. In any event he is hardly a typical Church of Christ divine. Before an audience he agonizes within himself, tearing away at his soul as he struggles for meaning in all that he thinks and says. I've added him to my list of heroes. "Big Jim" is something else, and his vivacious Donna must have been a mail-order job right from heaven, for she is as refreshing as rain on a hot day. No phonies, those two.

There was some question as to whether Pat Boone could make it, but he called a few hours before he was to appear to announce that he would be there with Shirley and all the girls. It was a sacrifice for him to interrupt his busy schedule and come to the forum at his own expense, but that illustrates what is going on these days. Pat led songs, told stories of recent experiences, and fielded questions from the audience. While he did make several references to the Spirit-filled life, there was no charismatic emphasis. Interviews with the audience revealed that what impressed the audience most was his joy-filled life and his radiance in the Spirit.

Before introducing Pat I asked how many in the audience had read his *A New Song*, and it seemed that most every hand went up. I explained to Pat that we had kept his appearance sort of secret, announcing it only in nearby churches and not in the press. Too, Pat had to fly back to Los Angeles earlier than we had planned, so we had to move the time of his appearance from 7:30 to 7:00. Even before 7:00 the building was packed with standing room only. I was pleased to hear him talk about the Christian home, young people, what drugs are doing to youth, and how careless parents are leading their children into sexual sins through their own bad example.

The four girls, Cherrie, Laurie, Debbie and Linda, sang for us, as did the family as a group. It was high adventure for a unity forum. They showed by their example, as did Pat by his words, that unity is oneness in the

Christ and is realized through the joy of the Holy Spirit.

I sat with Shirley behind microphones for an interview, asking her the questions that her sisters in the Lord have been asking me across the country. How does she account for the change in her life that led to the saving of her marriage? Learning to be submissive to her husband and by laying her pride and self-will at the foot of the cross. She stressed her conviction that woman's liberation comes through submission to her husband as her head in the Lord, and explained that this would be a major point in her forthcoming book on the liberated woman.

How does she overcome her frustrations and anxieties? By relaxing and not trying to do it herself, yielding to the Lord and letting him put it together. How does she feel about the Church of Christ after Inglewood and has she and Pat left us? She explained in some detail the Inglewood excommunication, revealing not only understanding but a love for all those involved, and the fact that she had showed up that night, "coming to my own people here tonight," should be evident that she had not left us.

Shirley's role was the most touching, not only to the women but to the men and youth as well. She really zeroed in on the needs of the audience, for they saw a woman who was really free in the Lord through *submission,* and one so anointed with love that she moved above those distractions that usually disturb femininity. In closing I assured her that "her people" loved and admired her, a judgment confirmed by a tearful and an applauding audience.

My own role in the forum was to preside over the sharing sessions each morning and to sit on a panel dealing with the question as to whether there is an answer to the instrumental music controversy. James Ferguson, director of the Bay Area School of Preaching, found his answer in all instrumentalists giving up their practice and yielding to the silence of scripture. I explained my position of being non-instrumental but not anti-instrumental, meaning that I do not make it a test of fellowship. I argued from Rom. 14 that the only possible solution is to allow each one to decide the question for himself and to receive one another without making one's choice the basis of the reception.

The audience was of very high quality, with responsible and influencial people in attendance from all over California and from several states. There was not one untoward incident, but there was much prayer and praise, togetherness and mutual sharing. The forum was as open as the Grand Canyon, with everyone present free to ask or say whatever he pleased. As I told the Blaney people, they have set such an example before our folk in those parts that they have issued what is tantamount to a mandate to move up higher and see afar off.

I stayed over Sunday and addressed both the Blaney and the nearby Campbell congregation that cooperated in the meeting. It was announced that the Eighth Annual Unity Forum is tentatively set for Tulsa. – *the Editor*

WHAT HAPPENED TO CHARLIE ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM

Dear Leroy:

I agree 100% that it was just great to see all those things happening right before our eyes! The forum was great – one of the most enriching experiences of my life. I am so thankful that I was blessed to be involved. The Lord is at work and in some rather strange and unusual ways and places. Praise His name!

It was a joy unspeakable to see and hear Pat Boone and his family. I wish I could know him better and on a more personal basis. He did an excellent job, as did Shirley, and the girls. Honest Christians just can't be other than favorably impressed. One thing struck me in a strong way, and that is Pat's constant emphasis upon and appeal to *the Book.* In spite of, or rather in addition to, his recognition of the direct leading of the Spirit, he comes back again and again to the Scriptures. This is a vital point to my mind and one for which I am deeply grateful to God. This needs to be recognized by all, especially his critics.

To hear a Roman Catholic priest, collar and all, speak in one of "our" pulpits, before our people, on one of our programs, without someone to "ride herd" on him is amazing! We have come a long way, and in the right direction. Praise God! That priest is a smart, sharp, composed, gracious man. He is a "freeman" – or, at least, striving to be such.

It was great to be with so many warm and beautiful people – all so loving.

The "anti" preachers and the straight-line *Gospel Advocate* preachers had some problems with the affair; but *down deep* they want to "let go" and enjoy it all. May God bless them. I understand their struggle.

Your contribution to these forums is far greater than you can know. It is a quiet, soft, permeating influence that is *powerful.* Your leadership is very necessary. It is sort of like a father directing his growing and struggling children.

I am planning on attending some, if not all, of your unity sessions at Grassy. In fact I am encouraging several from our effort to attend, and to stay over at least one night. I am sure it will be of great worth. It would please me to help or participate in any way that you and the saints there think I can. The main thing is that I get to attend for my own good.

The response to my own effort at the forum at Cupertino was very warm and appreciated by some. To use an expression I find myself using more often, "I felt led of the Lord" to attend that forum, believing that "The Lord will provide." He did!

I really enjoyed being at Blaney and San Leandro for meetings on Sunday.

Thanks be to Him, I am getting more and more in a position to move around more. Not that I am yet financially independent by any means, and to go at my own expense makes some trips impossible, if they cost too much. However, I can arrange time, over a weekend especially, and I can handle some of the expense myself. But I want to go and be of use if possible. However, I know that I per-

sonally need what others can do for me far more than what I can do for them.

You are still supposed to come to Chattanooga when you can work it in. Let me hear from you. I am anxious to see your report of the forum.

Love in Jesus,
Charles Holt
951 Julian Rd.
Chattanooga, Tn. 37421

(The above is Charles Holt's impression of the Unity Forum in California, which we thought you'd enjoy reading. If you would like to buy or rent the tapes of all the forum, which was professionally done by an engineer in the congregation, you may get information by writing to Blaney Ave. Church of Christ, 10601 N. Blaney Ave., Cupertino, Ca. 94014. – *Ed.*)

MEN WITH A MISSION

People across the brotherhood wonder how I can be so hopeful for the future of Churches of Christ. When I speak of our becoming freer, more loving and responsible and united, and more concerned for suffering humanity, they suppose that my idealistic philosophy has blinded me to the actual condition of our people. But the "actual condition" of our folk is what is usually misread, for I have abundant evidence out of my own experience that we have begun to turn the corner in the direction of a dynamic Christian witness to the world. There is a substantial minority influence, if indeed it is not "the great silent majority," that is making a great difference in the nature of the change now taking place.

One who supposes that we are doomed to the obscurantism of the past should have been with me in a visit I had recently with the board of *Mission* magazine, which held its annual meeting in Dallas. One of its new members, Prof. Norman Parks, was visiting in our home from Tennessee, so he invited me to go along and take a look inside of an organization that I had already learned to respect. They were meeting to discuss things that were none of my business, so I excused myself from those sessions. But I was able to socialize with them somewhat, and Arthur Miley of LaJolla, Ca., president of the board, asked me to give a report to the group on my travel experiences around the brotherhood. Inasmuch as they are planning to appoint a fulltime editor, whom they believe should circulate among the various wings of discipledom as well as the church at large, Miley, who reads of my travels in *Restoration Review,* thought my ideas might be helpful to the group.

There are 36 members of the board. Two are women. Three are Negroes. The majority is business people and college professors, but there are also lawyers, physicians, authors, students, ministers, housewives. They are all Church of Christ members. The board not only sets the policy and directs the course of that vibrant publication

known as *Mission,* but it also underwrites its budget. For these first five years of the journal's history the underwriting has been no particular problem, but their plans for the future, which calls for a well-paid fulltime editor, which will free Dr. Roy Bowen Ward to attend to his duties as chairman of religion at Miami University, calls for a budget of considerable substance for a religious publication among our people. But these *Mission* folk are something else! If they need an extra $30,000 for next year, they pass the word around by telephone, and by the time you can say *Mission* five times they have enough members pledging at least $1,000 a year to make possible their undertaking. When it comes time to make up their budget for the next year, they call the roll and have each member declare his intentions then and there before all the others. Once the needs are explained and agreed to, they appear to have no difficulty in raising the money needed.

Our church leaders might ride coattail on this kind of wisdom. If all the members of a congregation were periodically briefed on the financial needs, and asked to share in the plans and procedures, the giving might increase substantially. And why not allow each member to declare his financial intentions in a meeting called for that purpose? Our congregations could well afford to arrange planning sessions, with every member sharing in the discussions, rather than simply have decisions handed down by the elders, with an attending note that reads, "Here's the bill for what we've decided to do. Pay it."

These *Mission* people are not so affluent but what this kind of an effort is a sacrifice. They believe in the future of our people to the extent that they are willing to do without something else in order to make *Mission* possible. It seemed unreal to me, one who knows something of the difficulty of interesting our people in responsible Christian journalism, to see this impressive group of people, assembled from several states and numerous congregations, pooling their resources for the publication of a respectable Church of Christ journal. And people wonder why I have hope for tomorrow!

From what you may have heard about *Mission* from unduly alarmed folk way out in the right field bleachers, if indeed they are in the park at all, you may suppose that the board directs the publication must be a conglomerate of wild-eyed radicals. Nothing could be farther from the truth. I saw little hair and no beards. Certainly no sandals or bare feet. Nor were they especially young. They are people devoted to Jesus and to nonsectarian religion. Intelligent and responsible members of their chosen vocations, they are part of that great fellowship of concerned ones who are dedicated to the task of renewing the church in our time. They are indeed the new look in the Church of Christ.

It is refreshing in these days of phoniness and chicanery to see a group like this that can really be free to make their decisions non-politically. They are resolved, for instance, that they will not compromise either the

purpose or the character of *Mission* in order to court the favor of middle-of-the-road brotherhood thinking. They choose to be authentic, even if this means a humbler rating on the subscription spectrum. They are, however, making impressive gains, especially since they choose to direct their efforts especially to Churches of Christ, a people not yet sufficiently conditioned to appreciate high-class Christian journalism.

A board like this also provides a study in contrasts. How different is the situation when the members of the board have vested interests, when either lots of money or lots of prestige is on the line, which is usually the case in a brotherhood publication enterprise. Can they then be so free and non-political? Or take the board of one of our colleges, where the pressures from many sources are so great that any kind of *avant garde* action is unthinkable. Such a board must even tread water on integration, waiting either for the state to take the lead or for the constituency to accept the idea. This is why a college will throw a good professor to the lions, if it takes that to either preserve its "image" or appease its critics.

In such cases it is not that the board is made up of evil men. As people they are probably as noble and virtuous as the *Mission* board. It is rather that they find themselves in a "tail wagging the dog" situation, where an institution becomes something more than the sum of persons that compose it. Goals are often ambiguous, programs and policies are unwieldy, traditions become sacrosanct, individuality gives way to "the thing," and fear and distrust gnaw away at love and freedom. Those within grow suspicious of one another.

No board with spiritual concerns is of course immune to such a destiny. The *Mission* people are different only because their goals are clear and precise, and their means are wieldy and not confused with the end in view. And they have little or nothing to lose personally, perhaps not even their pride, if it all goes down the drain. There are no vested interests and no high pinnacles of prestige. If need be they can walk off and leave it without anybody being hurt. It is unfortunate that so many of our projects tie us down for generations, making innovation and creativity all the more difficult. This includes a congregation's vast real estate holding. "Yes, that is a good idea, but we have to pay for this property, you know" is a common affliction in our ranks. If we had erected multi-purpose buildings, so that they could easily be sold to business if need be, our people would have suffered much less anxiety. So maybe *Mission* and other groups like it, people who "do not despise the day of small things," which is a good biblical injunction, are teaching us this important lesson: *Start no project that becomes an end in itself, and keep it small and humble enough that you can walk off and leave it rather than compromise the very convictions that gave it birth.*

If you are not reading *Mission*, a handsome publication of 32 pages each month, then you are missing out on one of the exciting things going on among us these days. A number of the board members themselves publish their ideas in its pages, but it also serves as an open forum for good thinkers from all across the brotherhood.

You may subscribe for 5.00 per annum, or three years for 12.00, by writing to Box 2822, Abilene, Texas 79604. – *the Editor*

The Travel Letters of Alexander Campbell . . .

SUNRISE ON LONG ISLAND SOUND

In our last issue we left Mr. Campbell in Cicero, New York, ready to move on to Syracuse and finally to New England and Long Island sound. All along the way he chronicles his experiences with such depth that we are allowed to share his reactions as he discovers more and more the exciting new world that had become his adopted country. He was thrilled by the wonders of nature, and he sought to capture them upon the printed page so that his farflung readership could share in the scenes that they were not likely to see for themselves.

But he was not oblivious to the more delicate forms of nature, even if more animate, particularly the fairer sex. If such Campbellian scholars as Louis Cochran and Perry Gresham find evidence that Alexander was attractive to women, there being the instance of one who followed him home all the way from Scotland and another who could see him only in the finest navy blue when actually he was dressed in Kentucky jeans, it is equally probable that women were attractive to him. At least he did not ignore them as he perused the United States of the 1830's.

In a letter from Lewiston, N. Y., June 18, 1836, to his wife and daughters back in Bethany, he ventures this comparison: "There are many very elegant ladies, highly cultivated and refined, from Boston and New York, as well as from other places, but none for whom God has done more intellectually, morally, and, indeed, in every way, than for my excellent wife and amiable daughters." And to Selina a few days latter he writes, perhaps reassuringly: "The New Yorkers are intelligent and shrewd. Generally the ladies are well accomplished; some very refined, but not superior to the Virginia ladies. They read much, work little, but are great economists."

From Saratoga Springs, a popular health resort in those days if not still, he says to Selina: "Here they are from all States and countries, and from Europe. The lame, the halt, the feeble are here drinking the healing streams. But there are more, many more, here who come to show themselves and to be seen rather than for health – many ladies to look for husbands and many men for wives. So that we have beauty and fashion, pride and pomp in full style and glory."

It is therefore evident that Alexander did not miss anything in his ventures abroad when it came to style, glory, charm, and beauty – whether in the

form of rushing rivers or lovely women! And the women were an important part of his effort to restore the ancient order. He found them receptive to his desire to liberate them from oblivion in sectarian religion, and they represented a large percentage of those who joined the Restoration Movement. To Selina he wrote from Syracuse: "Yesterday there followed me nine miles a Presbyterian lady from Cicero – where some persons had been immersed – with many tears, desiring to obey the Lord."

Campbell was disturbed in finding burgeoning America so enamoured of the things of this world. He complained that his day audiences in Syracuse were thin because "the people in New York generally are determined to seek, first and chief of all, the good things of this world, and then leave it to the mercy of Heaven whether the kingdom of heaven shall be added." It seems strange to us that back in the 1830's it was common for a popular speaker to do his thing in the morning or afternoon, leaving the evenings for the social amenities. But in Syracuse Campbell had to lecture at night. And they heard from him about it. Said he: "In their Testament it reads 'Seek first the present world, and the honors and rewards thereof, and heaven will be added to you,' while in the original Greek it reads, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and the righteousness required by him, and all these things (food and raiment) shall be added.' "

Along the way he observed the natural resources and the means of livelihood. He was impressed with the salt wells around Syracuse, noting that 186 factories with their potash kettles produce upwards of three millions of bushels of salt annually. Along a canal he observed immense strata of plaster of Paris, and in the environs were inexhaustible beds of water-lime used for hydraulic cement. All of this awed him as blessings of God that should lead people to repentance.

From Pompey hill, near Syracuse, he looked out from a 14,000 feet summit upon "the finest American landscape as respects beauty and grandeur we have yet seen." He likened it to the summit of Mexico City with all its rich varieties of landscape, and even to some distant Elysium (a paradise in Greek mythology) that only bards of a more favored age may see. Revealing his positive attitude toward people and things, he looked out on a beautiful world with its many peaceful homes and rural bliss, and hoped for all men the tranquility of the scene before his eyes, that could be captured in words only by the poetry of the Mantuan bard of the Augustan age, a reference to Virgil.

In this setting he found "an excellent society of disciples," led by a brother Wells whose eight sons and daughters were so exemplary of the faith that they made a picture even lovelier than the landscape. Campbell was most impressed with the solidarity of the home, ruled over by a priestly father and a devout mother, believing that it is here that the future of both church and society has its hope. Having immersed 16 in the Syracuse area, mostly Presbyterians, he was on his way to Albany.

These travel letters reveal a very observant man who immensely enjoyed himself. Life was exciting to Alexander Campbell. His world was the creation of God, and he was confident of ultimate victory for the forces of good. Equally important was his conviction that he was under commission of God to help usher in the grand millennium, which embraced all of life's experiences, whether education or business or politics or religion. He wrote not only with a sense of history and destiny, but also in the spirit of a poet. Moving into the Mohawk valley toward Albany, he writes: "Here you see extensive plains covered with cattle, feeding on rich pastures or reclining under the cool shades of wide-spreading trees; there the hills are clothed with sheep cropping the tender grass. On this side the country rolls in gentle undulations, and on that it spreads into fertile valleys. Here it rises in stately hills decorated with every shade of forest green, and there it suddenly breaks into towering cliffs, whose rugged eminences, yet unbleached by ten thousand storms that have spent their fury upon their dark bleak surface, stand majestic, as if defying alike the hand of man and the wear of time."

That doesn't sound as much like a dyed-in-the-wool Lockean empiricist, as Campbell is so often described, as it does a romanticist touched by the spirit of a Robert Burns whose heart is aflame for old Scotia. It is noteworthy that in these travel letters there is as much of Campbell the poet, the naturalist, the ecologist, and the economist, as there is Campbell the reformer and theologian.

He supposed one could find no more beautiful country than those hills and vales he saw between Utica and Schenectady, sailing 80 miles of stretch along the Mohawk river. If favorable circumstances make for happiness, Campbell conceded, then surely those New Yorkers would be happy. But he thought of those lines of the poet that he often quotes:

They build too low who build beneath the skies,

Content and peace from no condition rise.

He saw that for the majority, at least, devotion to wealth and the nobility and aristocracy of New York dries up every fountain of pleasure which nature, art and religion open to mankind.

At Schenectady he left the river-boat and took the railroad to Albany, which was then, with its 35,000, the seventh largest city in the nation. And Campbell mentions that it is the second oldest settlement in the union, next to Jamestown, founded in 1614. Having already delivered 59 discourses on this trip, and being "at least 50 percent below par," Mr. Campbell decided to take it easy in Albany. He visited a splendid cathedral of the Regular Baptists, where both the governor of New York and the President of the United Stated held pews. Martin Van Buren, who had a law office in Albany, was to take office as the eighth President the following March, allowing Andrew Jackson, then in the White House, to retire to his beloved Hermit-

age in Tennessee, where Alexander Campbell also visited.

Campbell was never impressed with display in religion, so this "Patrician church," which must have been ahead of its time in architectural splendour, turned him off. He was more impressed by the *second* Baptist church in town, though really first in origin, which was more fitted for "the Plebeian ranks." This leads him to comment sardonically: "What a blessing it is that in this age the Christian religion accommodates itself so pliantly to the various tastes, fashions, and circumstances of mankind!" Kings, Governors, Popes, Patriarchs, and Archbishops may all be saints elect and become candidates for immortality, he observes, the poverty, ignominy, and devotion of old fashioned Christians to the contrary notwithstanding.

On to Saratoga Springs, he was impressed with the great numbers that had come to "make or mend their fortunes rather than repair their constitutions." But there were the feeble who were waiting upon the moving power of the healing waters. As for himself, his depleted energies longed for rest and repose, so he "drank and bathed, and bathed and drank in good earnest" as if he had some faith in the health-restoring powers of the springs.

The elders of the Baptist church of Saratoga village told Alexander that since his views were regarded as heretical he would not be allowed to address the Baptist community. After expressing this decision, they went on to ask him what his views were! This reminded Campbell of the pagan who ordered Paul to be whipped, and then asked him what he had done. He went on to speak in both the Methodist and Universalist churches, but with so little cooperation from the clergy as to have much smaller crowds than was his custom. At one point he had to give way to the celebrated revivalist, Mr. Burchard, the preacher who converted Charles Finney, who was holding forth in Saratoga Springs. Campbell, after hearing him, describes him as vehement, boisterous, and declamatory; and as wild, enthusiastic and perserving in phiz and voice. He was "impassioned in his oratory, illogical in much of his reasoning, and extremely hazardous in his quotations and applications of scripture."

The likes of Burchard and Finney, almost as prevalent in our own day as in his, stand in bold contrast to a teacher of religion like Alexander Campbell. This helps us to understand how refreshing Campbell was to people who hardly ever heard any other kind. He never blasted people, but taught them simply and forcefully, with articulate and resonant voice. Once at his place in the pulpit, he seldom moved from his position and his gestures were few. Sometimes leaning on a cane, which he used even in his prime, he would occasionally reinforce a point with a rap of the cane upon the floor. His intention was to *teach* the people, believing as he did that ignorance was the church's besetting sin, and there was no place for display in his performance.

"The people nowadays love excitement, strong feeling, noise, shouting, vehemence, and passion," he complained after hearing Burchard. "He that shouts loudest, cries longest for fire from heaven, and talks most of hell, damnation, and eternal burnings, will catch the greatest multitude, and be most sainted by the ignorant and thoughtless mass, who cannot tell the difference between Old Testament and New, Sinai or Jerusalem."

Mr. Burchard might have fared better with Campbell had he not openly branded him a deist and a Unitarian, which led Campbell to insist that his cause did not depend upon either misrepresentation or stopping the ears of the people.

In Manchester, Vermont he met a W. P. Reynolds, a disciple who had planted the ancient gospel in numerous places in that area. He impressed Campbell as both intelligent and zealous, and he was touched by this man's willingness to sacrifice under such untoward financial circumstances. He calls upon his readers to lend him a helping hand. Now in the Green Mountains, he is again lost for words to describe the beauty that he enjoys. He made his way through these mountains just to bask in their sheer loveliness, being accompanied by a brother that not only knew his way around, but whose own father had fought in the Revolutionary War and had seen action along the banks of the Hudson in that very area, where the British surrendered to the American army.

Once in New England, he began comparing the advantages of the North with those of the South, and decided that God in his goodness grants full compensation to all habitations of man, by matching weaknesses with strengths and disadvantages with advantages. Vermont may not have the luxuries of the South, but they have firmer vegetables and better appetites. The soil may be less abundant in corn, but it is more profuse in grass and fine meadows. The ground may be comparatively sterile, but its mountains are rich in minerals. God has arranged it so that in the end, Campbell concluded, it will be as it was with Israel and the manna: "He that gathered much had nothing over, and he that gathered little had no lack."

From Manchester he proceeded to Pawlet, where he broke bread with some 40 or 50 disciples, addressing them on their Christian duties. Without any "invitation song," a few arose to declare their determination to follow the Lord, though it was not convenient for Campbell himself to attend to their immersion, for he soon departed for New Hampshire and Massachusetts, taking his passage in the stage for Boston.

In Boston he found the heterodox more open to his view than the orthodox, and since heterodoxy was then having its day in New England, he could not accept half the invitations extended him. But these included two famous churches of that time, the Temple on Tremont street and the great Cathedral of William Ellery Channing, the renowned Unitarian who made the church conscious of its social responsibilities, especially in reference to slavery. Campbell filled both edifices to capacity, and he went on record that audiences were as attentive and intelligent as could be found in

any American city, but there is no evidence that he visited with Channing himself, who lived on until 1842.

Despite their willingness to listen, Campbell found that a quarter of a century of debating Unitarianism had left the Bostonians too fond of speculation, suspicious, and politely indifferent. They had a form of religion in terms of its decencies and good taste, he observes, but had lost the power of it in reference to virtue and holiness.

But Campbell was clearly impressed with the spirit he found in New England. Respecting intelligence, decency, and good order as he did, he found the people exemplary along these lines. Despite the weaknesses of Puritanism, its stamp of virtuous character was yet upon its sons. The stern discipline, rigid morality, and untemporizing conscientousness of the pilgrim fathers was still evident in the moral vigor, health, and prosperity of the people. He took pride that the newer states of the West could look to "so pure a cradle, so healthful a nursery" from which to replenish their regions with virtuous sons and daughters as the old states of New England, where industry, wealth, morality and respect for the Bible all grow together.

It was apparently common for folk in the West to be "taken" by some cunning emissary from New England, so Campbell assures his readers that the head is not to be judged by its tail, and that the Yankees (his term) in general are highly trustworthy. One vantage point from which he judged Boston was Capitol Hill, from which he could see the homes of 200,000 people, without seeing one dwelling unworthy of the residence of man or what might be called a mean habitation. Moreover the intelligence, industry, and prosperity that he saw formed such a contrast to what was often so evident in the West and South that he was profoundly impressed. He noticed the woolen manufacturing in Lowell and the shoe industry of Lynn, better understanding how New Englanders can afford to educate their children.

As for the Restoration plea, he found numerous leaders advocating religion based upon the Bible alone, but they were so concerned with denouncing Trinitarianism and Calvinism, and otherwise being noisy in camp meetings, that he had little in common with them. But he did find a group of real disciples of reform in Salem, and at Lynn he himself immersed ten or twelve believers who formed the nucleus of a congregation there. Several were also added to the church in Boston while he was there.

In Boston he found a brother Himes who had started a school at Beverly, near Salem, an act that was to become a common experience in disciple history. Campbell visits the infant institution, and in recalling the experience sets forth reasons why concerned Christians should build such schools. "We may have schools of our own as well as our neighbors," he says, "and we can have moral and religious and learned teachers under whom to place our children, as well as those of other societies. And is it not right that we should have our children educated in the principles which we most conscienteously approve?" And perhaps in anticipation of his own Bethany College, then barely five years away, he adds: "If, then, it can be done as cheap, and as well, and more in accordance with our notions of moral propriety, is there any law, or statute, or example in the good Book that forbids it; or that will not sanction it!"

Threatened by fatigue after much speaking in Boston, Campbell cancelled his plans to visit Connecticut, "the land of steady habits." He had to be satisfied with viewing the goodly land as he sailed Long Island Sound for short visits in New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore before returning to his Virginia home. He was impressed with the conveniences of modern travel, for he made it from Boston to New York, 250 miles, in but 18 hours.

August 16, 1836 was a special day to Campbell, for early on that day he witnessed the rising of the sun at sea. The experience was so delightful that he awoke his travelling companions to share it with them. Once they were all seated on deck, each designated the spot on the eastern horizon where he expected the sun "to lift upon us his effulgent countenance." As they gazed upon the far reaches of the Atlantic, which as a splendid mirror reflected the glories of heaven, they saw a brightness in the Orient which indicated the near approach of the joyful monarch of the sky.

"The crepuscular glimmerings gradually spread over all the East," he later recorded, "and as they swept a loftier arch toward the Empyrean they assumed the brightness of liquid brass, while, deeply bedded in the far distant horizon, two pyramidal columns began to rise as if the clouds from the Atlantic had suddenly formed themselves into pillars for the gates of the morning, erecting a sublime porte for the entrance of Nature's luminary."

Describing the sun as if it were an artist at work, he adds: "Deeper and broader he laid on the molten gold till these two columns capped with rubies stood gilden from top to bottom. The curtains of night, which seemed to encircle this glorious arch, culminated over the spot where the eyelids of the morning began to open; but before we could take the dimensions of this new portico of day, the sun himself in all the gorgeousness of his own peerless glory, gently raised himself as if to peep over the silvery deep from which he was about to emerge."

Now seeing the rising sun as if it were an actor upon Nature's great celestial stage, he writes: "After a single glance, which dazzled on the back of every gentle curl on the surface around him, he suddenly, at a single bound, stood upon the sea, and by another effort drew after him, he suddenly, at a single bound, stood upon the sea, and by another effort drew after him from the briny deep a golden pedistal as if from a furnace of liquid fire, on which he seemed for a moment to sit, while from his dazzling locks floods of light and splendor began to flow. His yellow hairs, as if baptized in a sea of glory, dropped light and joy upon a world starting into life, while the gradual expanding of his wings proclaimed him about to fly the circuit of the universe."